THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 19.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1805. [Whole No. 123.

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 138.

MELMOT could with difficulty suppress a smile at the oddity of Mr. Harley's manner, but withdrew along with Percival, who with much kindness, conducted him to his dressing room; and addressing him in a friendly manner said ——"Now tell me frankly, Melmot, do you not think you are come among a set of strange beings? However I will spare your blushes on the occasion; and, as I believe it will be your fate to spend much of your time among us I will fairly give you a family picture, which consists of the group which you saw assembled at breakfast. Under that mask of severity and abruptness, my father conceals a heart that would do honor to his sex, were its secret recesses explored; but he flies from public admiration with as much care as a young fellow with a good stock of vanity would seek it; and is never so happy as when he can heap good upon a person unexpectedly, without their knowing from what source it proceeds. I should not wonder if you yourself experience some of this. But recollect that however wise my intelligence may have made you, the least appearance of consciousness will lose you his favor forever.

"The next character to be brought on the tapis, is my sage, sentimental sister, Jemima. She is, you perceive, plain in her person, sensible, and accomplished; but being, from that very reason, my father's favorite, has been indulged in whatever her fancy led her to desire. Agreeable to this, reading is her only delight; and the romances she devours with such insatiable avidity, instead of proving wholesome nutriment fly to her head, and fill it with such perniscious vapors, that, really, I fear, in time, her brain will be injured. Men are her aversion, having never met with one in her life who answers the description daily given in her favorite productions; and I much fear, through an unhappy perversion of reason, no man will ever be blest with one whose heart is, in reality, the seat of every affectionate sentiment.

As to my little Marianne, she is every thing by turns, and nothing long. The men adore her for her wit, and her *gaiete de coeur*; but she discards more lovers than would fill an ambassador's train; and her fame has spread so far, that, the beaux of the present and last century pay the most insidious court to me, merely for the sake of my pretty sister. Nay, it was but yesterday that the most noble lord Mountmorris was dismissed in a huff, for only treading on the foot of Bijoux.

Melmot laughed heartily at Percival's pleasantry; and seeing he had concluded, said——"And, pray, sir, why should the piece be ungraced by your portrait?"

"Oh," replied Percival, gaily, "that can hardly be drawn; for I am, in fact, but a half finished soul. I can as you see, be very entertaining when I take the pains. But really it is so unfashionable to endure the least fatigue, that I scarcely ever meet a being for whom I think it worth while to put myself out of the way. In truth, I don't think I have talked so much for this week past as I have done this morning."

Melmot, who was not deficient in understanding, or the retort courteous, thanked him for the compliment; adding, that, as he feared too much exertion might be attended with fatal consequences, he would return home.

"But, my dear fellow," cried Percival, "you know my father said I was to show you the town; and we dine today at four o'clock, in consequence of a party to the play, which has been made this week."

"No, no," replied Melmot; "the letter you received this morning contains an engagement of a more inter-

esting nature for you; and I can very well amuse myself at the hotel till dinner-time, when I will certainly obey your father's command."

"Very well," said Percival, with a sigh; "do as you please. I have an opportunity; but I must presently mount guard: so return to your hotel, where I will call on you, and we will parade St. James's street for an hour or two."

They then wished each other a good morning, and as Melmot paced the crowded streets, he could not but reflect, how different people may be found, upon acquaintance, from what their first appearence seems to promise; as this young man, apparently so full of apathy, and so insensible, was, in reality, possessed of a fund of humor and intelligence; and Melmot found himself almost insensibly attracted to esteem the whole family.

CHAP. VII.

MORALS OF A GUARDS-MAN——SENTIMENTS OF A COQUETTE—AND AFFECTION OF A RUSTIC.

Captain Harley was punctual to his promise with Melmot, and called on him just as he had finished dressing. —"Really," said he, turning him round, "you make no contemptible figure. I think you will not disgrace my scarlet when hanging on my arm in the Mall. I should not have expected such a decent youth from an obscure parsonage in the West of England! And, now I recollect, I think you have not a bit of the Cornish dialect."

Melmot had, in fact, a remarkably handsome person; and being well made, with an easy carriage, possessed all the requisites for a man of fashion, except *impudence*, under the influence of what they call *mauvaise honte*. He hung his head, and blushed at the compliment paid him by his friend, which Percival perceiving, cried out—

"Come, come, Melmot, I shall do nothing with you, if you blush so. Should any of my brothers see you thus, I must swear you have drank too much wine. However, Melmot," said he, seeing him look grave, "do not think I wish to injure the morality of your principles; by Heaven I do not; for this levity is only assumed with my coat, and is, I am sorry to say it, as necessary an acquirement to a guardsman as his sword; and I should be sorry to see you imitate follies which are a discredit to those who practise them."

As they rambled up and down; Melmot, fascinated by the gay manners and elegant deportment of the officers, as well as observing how much their society was courted by the most beautiful women in the town, expressed to Percival how much he should like to become one of the military.

"You are wrong, indeed, Melmot," replied captain Harley. "To hold any commission in the army, it is necessary for a man to have an immense private fortune, to support the extravagant life they must necessarily lead; and, I assure you, my father now feels his own imprudence in purchasing me a commission. It is certainly the school for knowledge of the world; but that knowledge sometimes costs a man his future constitution and morality, merely for the advantages of forming a brilliant and numerous acquaintance. Believe me, a youth without fortune will stand but a poor chance of cutting out his fortune with his sword on the civil list. Therefore, my good fellow, let not a red coat and gorgeous epaulette dazzle your understanding. Your talents and worth may be much more profitably employed; and trust me, that the obscurity of your state shall not prevent me from cultivating your friendship, or introducing you to those whose society is not likely to prove injurious to you."

Melmot could not conceal the effusions of gratitude that sprung to his eyes, and rendered his voice almost inarticulate, while he faintly endeavored to express his feelings.

When they returned to dinner, Marianne insisted upon Melmot's taking a seat near her; adding, with a captivating smile—"You are come just in time, Mr. Melmot; for I have just discharged Lord ———; he was such an awkward dangler. I think you are qualified to fill his place—"

"By my aukwardness I suppose you mean, Madam," said Melmot, as he took the proffered place.

"By no means," she returned. "I rather think your politeness will atone for his lordship's deficiency."

"But can you," replied Melmot, condescend to accept a commoner for a peer?"

"Any thing," cried she, "for the sake of variety."

"And should you receive good treatment," said Percival, "you must attribute it to my sister's love of variety."

"Malicious creature! exclaimed Marianne; you always try to prejudice strangers against me."

Meanwhile Jemima had sat silent, with her eyes fixed attentively upon Melmot—

"Pray, sir, said she, at length, addressing him, "were you ever seriously in love?"

A question so abrupt wholly disconcerted Melmot; and his knife and fork fell from his hands, while all his gaiety vanished; and the sudden, yet ludicrous distress exhibited in his countenance, occasioned a burst of laughter through the room; which increased his discomposure. Mr. Harley, perceiving his confusion, and willing to abate it, as well as to suspend what he called the rudeness of his family, suddenly addressed him, by telling him that he was a lucky man;—for, added he, I have this morning heard of a vacancy in the secretary of State's office, which I can get for asking; so you may keep your two hundred pounds to figure away with. You will have nothing to do but go to Whitehall at ten o'clock, and write till five; the rest of the day you may do as you please; and as our hours will not suit you when you are engaged with business, Percival may seek you out genteel apartments. And, remember, I shall expect to hear how you go on at least once a day.

Melmot was obliged to diminish the proportion of his thanks to the humor of his benefactor, and the subject was dropped.

(To be continued.)

Biography.

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

ACCOUNT OF

THOMAS WILLIAMS MALKIN,

A Child of extraordinary Attainments, who lately died at Hackney, (Eng.)

(Concluded from our last.)

After a little farther reflection he said, "Perhaps to-morrow is in the sun." On meeting with the following aphorism: "Learning is not so much esteemed by wise men as it is despised by fools;" he said: "I think the person who wrote that sentence was himself very foolish; for wise men esteem learning as much as possible, and fools cannot despise it more."

But the most singular instance in which he displayed fertility of imagination, united with the power of making every thing he met with in books and conversation his own, was his invention of an imaginary country called Allestone, of which he considered himself as king. It resembled Utopia, though he had never heard of that celebrated political romance. Of this country he wrote the history, and drew a most curious and ingenious map, giving names of his own invention to the principal cities, mountains, rivers, &c. And as learning was always the object of his highest respect, he endowed it most liberally with universities, to which he appointed professors by name, with numerous statutes and regulations, which would have reflected no disgrace on graver founders.

But though in the progress of his short life he was continually laying up stores of knowledge, apparently for purposes which, the event fully proved were never to be fulfilled; his last illness which he supported with a patience and fortitude almost unexampled amply evinced that he knew how to apply the treasures he had acquired to the solace and relief of his own mind, under circumstances of trial and suffering. He frequently beguiled the tedious hours of a sick-bed with the recollections of what he had read, seen, or done, in the days of health; and little points of interest or information, which might have been supposed to have made a transient impression, were as much present to his mind as when they first engaged his attention.

When a blister was applied to his stomach, he observed, that from the appearance of it he supposed it corresponded with what he had seen called a cataplasm: and one day when he was at the worst, he desired to know the meaning of the phrase "a still-born child," which he had once seen in an inscription on a tomb-stone, though he said the inscription itself was too poor to be worth remembering. He often talked of the period of his recovery, but never with impatience; and the triumph of mind over body continued so complete to the last that he looked up with interest and pleasure to the dissected maps within half an hour of his dissolution.

Without entering with unnecessary minuteness into the nature of his disorder, it will be interesting to parents in general to be informed, that it afforded no confirmation of the common idea, that early expansion of intellect is unfavorable to the continuance of life. In consequence of the remarkable form of his head, which had been much admired, especially by artists, some doubts have been suggested, that rendered it desirable to have the head as well as the body examined. From the result of this investigation it appeared, that the brain was unusually large, and in the most healthy state: that the disorder, as it was uniformly considered to have been, was in the stomach, and had received all relief that medical skill and the most anxious attention could afford: and there was more than ordinary probability, from the vigor of his constitution, and the well proportioned formation of his body, of his arriving at manhood, but for one of those accidents in the system, to which the old and the young, the healthy and infirm, are equally exposed.

His illness lasted from the first to the thirty-first of July; a period which, under such severe sufferings, none but a naturally strong patient could have reached. On the morning of the thirty-first his medical friends, Dr. Lister and Mr. Toulmin, saw him, and conversed with him, as he with them, after their usual manner: and though they had given little or no encouragement for many days, they did not, on their last visit, such was the collected state of his mind, and strength of his spirits, apprehend his dissolution to be so near. Soon after 11 o'clock he appeared much exhausted; his breathing became very difficult, his voice, which through his illness had been strong and clear, began to faulter. Still, however, he was firm and composed, without the slightest appearance of dissatisfaction or alarm: he talked at intervals with the most perfect consistency—with his accustomed powers, and usual kindness for those about him, till he could no longer utter a sound. In a few minutes after he had ceased to articulate, and a little before twelve o'clock, he sunk without a struggle or a groan, exciting more admiration under circumstances from which human nature is apt to revolt, than when in the full career of mental and bodily improvement.

Thus ends the short history of a child, whose mind, though his years were few, seemed to have arrived at maturity. His powers of understanding, of memory, of imagination, were all remarkable; and the reasonableness of his mind was such, that he always yielded his own to the wishes of his friends, as much from conviction as compliance: his disposition was as generous and amiable, as his talents were brilliant and universal; and there can be little doubt, that in after-life, whether he devoted the powers of his mind to the fine arts, to belles-lettres, or the severer studies, his success would have been pre-eminent, and would have placed him, in the estimation of the wise, whatever might have been his condition, high in the catalogue of worthy and useful members of society.

GIBBON.

The following Extract from the life of Gibbon, the illustrious Historian of the last days of the Roman Supremacy, written by himself will please every reader of taste and feeling.

I Hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, gallantry without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and, is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion that union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which

is inflamed by a single female; which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived contented with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separated the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages: and in her visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty and the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod, were themes of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance, permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom: she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lousana I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate, I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died, his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior.

A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune, and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend: and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy.

CHARACTER *of a* BACHELOR.

READING, not long since, in Echard's Roman History, I found the following speech of Augustus, emperor of Rome, who, upon his return to that city from one of his wars, received complaint that too great a number of young men of quality were unmarried. Augustus immediately assembled the whole equestrian order, and having separated the married from the single, did particular honors to the former but told the latter, (the bachelors) "That their lives and actions had been highly reprehensible, that he knew not by what names to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding them; nor by that of Romans, for they seemed to design to extirpate the Roman name."

Then proceeding to show his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, "That their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the nation, that he could not chuse but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equal theirs, for they were guilty of murder in not suffering those to be born who should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honors of their ancestors to cease; and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceeded from the immortal gods; they therefore dissolved the government by disobeying its laws: betrayed their country by making it barren and waste; and demolishing their city by depriving it of inhabitants; and he was sensible, that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness which ought never to be encouraged.

Pleased with reading the above speech made by the illustrious Roman emperor, I began seriously to reflect upon the state of a bachelor; though, to tell you the truth, Mr. Editor, I have been long married. He calls himself a libertine, and all the liberty he enjoys is in revelling in the charms of a harlot, or enjoying himself in the drunken dining parlor. Compare this state with that of a married man;—he awakes in the morning without any fear, all is peaceful and serene; during the day he pursues his business in that state of life in which nature or fortune has placed him; and at night retires to his chamber with the partner of his joys and sorrows, where they recount over the various incidents that attend human life, and he sinks to rest in the chaste arms of a virtuous woman, and enjoys that pleasure to which a bachelor is an entire stranger.

The state of a bachelor is, he rises in the morning, seriously reflecting on the mad scenes exhibited over night, and, with a large draught of the juices of camomile, washes away the ill effects of the third bottle; during the day he is thinking in what new company he must seek, or what new games must be invented to pass away the ensuing evening; which when it arrives, the head begins to be confused with the juices of the grape, and reason to fail. Then is the time for riot and rapine, nay, even murder has been sometimes committed by these sons of the jolly gods, who, after working away the remembrance of their past life in another bowl, are conveyed to their chambers at the hour of four.

Surely any one who reflects on these circumstances must shudder at the life of a bachelor, and seriously considers the dangers to which he is hourly exposed. After having been guilty of the above crimes, his conscience awakes, and reproaches the poor deluded mortal with the errors of his past life. His fortune is possibly spent, and, what is worse,

his health rapidly declines. Then is the time for serious repentance; but he dares not call to remembrance his past life, and dares not go in the company of any modest female, but is at a loss where to fly for a moment's consolation. His debauched companions add fresh flame to the fire, and put him in remembrance of the time he has so perniciously wasted, whilst those who have passed their lives in the sacred bands of Hymen, will not be seen in his company.

Thus rejected by one, and no longer able to enjoy the other, he pines out his life in solitude. Then how does he wish in vain that he had entered the hymeneal bands, and had a modest and amiable partner to sooth his sorrows; but it is now too late; his fortune is spent, his health ruined;——he must prepare to meet that great God whom he has so often offended, and take his trial at that impartial tribunal where the final sentence will be passed, and every mortal receive according to his works.

W. Hickinbotham.

DUELLING.

A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling, than by the following story which Dr. Sandilanda told to Mr. Richardson, Jun.

COL. GUISE, going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer in the same vessel with him; and, with his usual humanity, told him that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going: which he accordingly did and then took leave of him.

The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said he knew no one but Col. Guise—and he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, said they, in these cases. The colonel is the fittest man in the world; every one knows his bravery.

Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to col. Guise, as he was walking up and down in the coffee-house, and began in a hesitating manner, to tell him how much obliged he had been by him, and how sensible he was of his obligation. Sir, replied col. Guise, I have done my duty by you, and no more.—But, colonel, added the young officer, faultering, I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons: and that nobody—O! sir, replied the colonel, your friends do me much honor: but there is a gentleman (pointing to a huge, fierce looking black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half a regiment. So up goes the officer to him and tells him he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him. Who, I sir! replied the gentleman: Why, I am *Peale, the apothecary!*

The following paragraph we copy from the Newburyport Herald, of the first January 1805.

A Happy New-Year to our *Patrons!* To the POLITICIAN an *increase* of public prosperity, and *decrease* of private contention.—To the FARMER, an *increase* of crops, and a *decrease* of taxes.—To the MERCHANT, an *increase* of trade, and a *decrease* of bankruptcies.—To the DIVINE, an *increase* of confidence, and a *decrease* of persecution.—To the LAWYER, an *increase* of honesty, and a *decrease* of litigation.—To the PHYSICIAN, an *increase* of *patience*, and a *decrease* of disease.—To the MECHANIC, an *increase* of industry, and a *decrease* of foreign manufactures.—To the AUTHOR, an *increase* of public patronage, and a *decrease* of illiberal criticism.—To the WORLD, an *increase* of national and individual happiness, and a *decrease* of public and private misfortunes.—To OURSELVES, an *increase* of customers, and *decrease* of delinquents.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

(From the Alexandria paper)

THOSE persons who have been in the habit of stealing my Fence for a considerable time past are respectfully informed, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present—and, as it may be attended with some little inconvenience getting over the pailings, the gate is left unfastened for their accommodation.

J. SWIFT.

ANECDOTES.

A SMART Yorkshire lad, who was sent to school to one Wilkins, near Pontefract, having one day insulted a gentleman by calling him *Pontius Pilate*, was severely corrected for it; the master at every cut he gave him, cautioning him never to say *Pontius Pilate* again.—This the lad carefully treasured up in his memory; and being soon after catechised in church, when he came to the BELIEF, instead of saying he suffered under Pontius Pilate, he said, *he suffered under* Timothy Wilkins, *school master!*

Soon after some late remarks appeared in our papers against smoking segars, a gentleman observed to an eminent smoaker, that we must now give up the practice, for Dr. —— had come out against it. Has he indeed, said the friend of the Indian weed; I am surprised at that, as he is so fond of *puffing* himself.

APHORISMS.

A plain and short road to a good destiny.

BE studious and you will be learned —Be industrious and frugal and you will be rich—Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy—Be virtuous, and you will be happy.

A rule which no body should forget.

Speak as seldom and as little as may be, either *for* yourself, or *of* yourself; but let your character speak for you. Whatever *that* says will be believed; but what you say in commendation of your own character, instead of being believed, will but render you ridiculous.

LAW CASE

Newton v. *Gosnel.*—This was an action for a libel. The plaintiff is the vender of the Restorative Tooth Powder; and the defendant was charged with printing and publishing a gross and scandalous libel, with intent to prejudice the sale—the libel, ascribed to this Tooth Powder the most unheard of qualities—that it was invented 1000 years before the flood; that Noah used it to turn the Elephant's teeth from *green* to *white*—that the Egyptians cleaned the teeth and gums of their mummies with it—that an old lady of 90 could masticate a double flint decanter after using it; and a thousand other ridiculous qualities, too nonsensical to mention; but, after a long investigation, it appearing that the libel was little more than a parody upon his own advertisement, the Jury gave him—— One shilling damages!

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 9, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 36 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of *CONSUMPTION* 7—apoplexy 1 cholera morbus 1—convulsions 4—decay 2—dropsy 1—dropsy in the head 1—inflammatory fever 1—typhus fever 1—hives 2—inflammation of the lungs 1—mania 1—*small pox* 5—still born 2—sudden death 3—suicide by arsenic 1—whooping cough 1—worms 1.

Of the above 9 were men—13 women—10 boys—4 girls.

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of 1 year—3 between the age of 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—7 between 20 and 30—2 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50——5 between 50 and 60—4 between 60 and 70—

Yesterday, says the Albany Register of the 29th ult. a law passed the legislature of this state, authorizing the Corporation of the city of New-York to pull down the bastions of the battery and Rhinelander's wharf, for fuel, to be appropriated to the use of the poor of that city.

Master Betty, better known under the appellation of Young Roscius, made his first appearance in the British capital on saturday last at Covent Garden Theatre, having chosen for his debut the character Achmet in the tragedy of Barbarossa. The high report of his dramatic powers (which seem to have excluded all other subjects of converse for some time past) produced a degree of curiosity, which Mr. Garrick does not appear to have ever equally excited, the guards attended on the Theatre being numerously employed in keeping off an impatient multitude or in facilitating their retreat from suffocation. The critic given in the London papers (one of which devotes six columns to an account of the juvenile performer) extols his talents in a superlative strain of eulogium, pronouncing him a phenomenon in dramatic history.

Lon. Pap.

An *Irish* paper of December 4th says, Jerome Bonaparte's wife was born at Magheraeldt, in the north of Ireland in the neighborhood of which place many of her relatives reside at present.

The French police of Paris who have the control of the ladies of a certain description, lately ordained that they should not appear in the gardens, nor in any public place, unless decently clad; thus distinguishing them from *modest* women. Il est aussi bisarre que deplorable, says the *Journal de Paris* d'entendre dire que l'on distingue les filles de mauvais vie a la decence de leurs vetemens. It is no less singular than deplorable to hear it said, that girls of a dissolute character were known by the *decorum of their dress.*

DROWNED,

Off Marblehead harbor, on Saturday last, Messrs. James Felton, Benjamin Doak, and Joseph Millet. They were fishing in a small boat, which sunk, and were seen a short time before she went down. They were all married men, and we are informed have left 14 children.

We are sorry to mention, the premature death of Mr. Robert Gibson, a native of Scotland, who took passage in the ship Ceres lately cast away on Plymouth beach—his body was last evening picked up and decently interred.

Boston Pap.

In all the departments the people are employed in chusing from each commune a young, poor, and virtuous girl, who, according to the terms of the Imperial decree, is to receive a crown, a portion, and a husband, on the day of the coronation.

Paris pap.

PITTSBURG, January 26th.

Melancholy Occurrence.—On Tuesday morning a daughter of Mr. William Gazzam, about five years of age, was burnt in a most distressing manner, and expired in about 15 hours afterwards. She was standing by the fire extending a handkerchief, which was pinned to her side, to dry, it caught and communicated to her cloathes, and caused the melancholy event.

Two other children were burnt this week in Pittsburg; one of them, severely.

Married on the 22d October last, at Malton (Eng.) Mr, R. Wood, of the Blue Ball public house, of that place to Mrs. Sarah Murrill, late house-keeper to John Webb Weston, esq. Guildford, Surrey. We have to notice, that this marriage took place in consequence of an advertisement for "*A Wife,*" which appeared in the York Herald in July last. The advertisement being read by the lady's maid, telling her it would be a good match for her. After some little correspondence, an interview took place at Grantham, and the lady was brought down to Malton, to see the si-

tuation. Every thing proving agreeable, the marriage was speedily consummated.

Seldom has any circumstance happened at Malton which has excited more curiosity and attention—there is scarcely a person in the town or neighborhood but has been at the Blue Ball to pay their respects to the bride, who is a very handsome and most respectful woman. Our correspondent concludes —This modern way of procuring a wife is much liked here, and I doubt not but you will have many more applications of the kind.

York Herald.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last week, at Brookhaven, (L. I.) Mr. James Smith, merchant of New-York, to Miss Eliza Bell of Brookhaven.

On Sunday, 28th of Jan. Mr. Wm. Walker of Trinidad, to Mrs. Sarah Goold of this city.

At Philadelphia, Philip S. Church, of New-York, to Miss Ann Matilda Stewart, daughter of the late Gen. Stewart, of that city.

On Saturday evening, 3d. inst. Captain Stephen Stall, aged 60 to Mrs. Catherine Nicholls, of the same age, both of the Island of Great Britain.

"Sure such a pair was never seen,
So nicely form'd and fit by nature."
In her each blooming grace is seen;
In him each manly *youthful* feature.

DIED,

On the first of Jan. Mrs. Mary Tare, in the 67th year of her age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Sunday morning, after a long illness, Mr. Hugh Ferguson.

On Monday evening, the hon. John Sloss Hobart, in the 67th year of his age, Judge of the district court of the district of New-York.

At Germantown, Mr. Justus Fox, type-founder and printer, in the 69th year of his age.

At Boston, on Thursday se'night, Thomas M'Donough, esq. aged 65, Consul of his Britannic Majesty for the New-England states.

At Richmond, on Sunday the 20th ult. Mrs. West, jun. the most distinguished ornament of the Virginia Stage.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 11th,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, called,

RICHARD the III

King Henry VI,	Mr. Tyler.
Prince of Wales,	Mrs. Claude.
Duke of York,	Mast. Martin.
Duke of Gloster,	Mr. Cooper.
Duke of Buckingham,	—— Harper.
Earl of Richmond,	—— Hallam, jr.
Duke of Norfolk,	—— Shapter.
Lord Stanley,	—— Johnson.
Ratcliffe,	—— Hogg.
Oxford,	—— Ringwood.
Catesby,	—— Darley.
Tressel,	—— Claude.
Tyrrel,	—— Macdonald
Lord Mayor,	—— Harwood.
Lieutenant,	—— Robinson.
Queen Elizabeth,	Mrs. Melmoth.
Lady Anne,	—— Johnson.
Duchess of York,	—— Hogg.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, called the

WAGS of WINDSOR.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15. PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so nearly in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—— In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite easeand safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentlemen or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, *where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINE'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.

Price 25 cents.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to your so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 450 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Rosevelt-lane.

ODE

Written during a severe fit of the

TOOTH ACH.

RUTHLESS tormentor! who with constant gnawing,
Scoop'st thy dark cavern in my aching grinder,
Like mining mole;—ah! cease thy cruel cawing:
I cannot bear it, as I am a sinner!
It thrills my very brain; it stops my chewing;
And up I bounce in torture from my dinner,
Mad as a March hare, when the beagles wind her,
And hallooing huntsmen, urging on the pack,
With whip and spur, as hard as they can crack
O'er hedge and ditch, come galloping behind her.

What crime have I committed, that thy wrath
(Thou gnome or salamander of the devil!)
Should thus pursue me in life's peaceful path,
And plague a jaw that never meant thee evil?
Speak out, malicious elf!—No! thou art dumb,
But still thy viper-fang, beneath my gum,
Keeps working. Well, perhaps a tong might charm thee;
("Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast:")
No—'tis in vain! there's nothing can disarm thee
Of that relentless rage which robs my mouth of rest.

Ye Patenteers! who, with such pomp and puffing,
Boast of your nostrums in the public papers,
I've try'd your dentifrices, tinctures, and lotions—
Your opiates, anodynes, composing potions;
And now, with grief, (e'en should the news be huffing)
Must tell you to your teeth, in open day,
They all prov'd impotent!—Not the strong vapors
Of black Nicotiana's juice narcotic,
Volly'd from flaming tubes of British clay,
Could quell, dislodge, or even with dimity
Strike this fell tyrant of the tooth despotic.

Now, Patience help me in the painful trial;
Ne'er was thy aid requir'd in case more urgent;
Ne'er did thy wat'ry need more self-denial.
Go, servant, quickly! and some able surgeon,
With his steep forceps hither bid repair;
For I'm resolv'd—nay almost ta'en an oath,
(Altho' to lose my grinder very loth)
That I'll no longer such keen torture bear;
But, cost whate'er it may, the stubborn foe
Expel by force of arms, and lay his fortress low.

HAFIZ.

ADDRESS *to the* TOOTH ACH.

By Robert Burns.

MY curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
And through my lugs* gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes,
Our neighbors sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thou—thou hell o' a' diseases!
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets† keckle,
To see me loup;‡
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.‖

O' a' the num'rous human dools,¶
Ill har'sts,** daft† bargains, cutty-stools,‡‡
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash§§ o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.‖‖

Where'er that place the priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadful raw,
Thou Tooth-Ach! surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O! thou grim, mischief-making Chiel,¶¶
That gars*** the notes o' *Discord* squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick!
Gie a' the faes††† o' *Scotland's* weal
A towmond's‡‡‡ Tooth-Ach!

*Ears. †*Playful girls.* ‡*Skip.* §*Fetch-el.* ‖*Bucksides.* ¶*Griefs.* **Harvests.* ††*Foolish.* ‡‡*Church stool of repentance.* §§*Teazing.* ‖‖*Victory.* ¶¶*Fellow.* ***Causes.* †††*Foes.* ‡‡‡*Twelve-month's.*

ON THE PRESENT FASHION OF SHORT WAISTCOATS.

STOP, neat Joy Fortune, cried crazy Jack,
And seiz'd a *modern beau*,
The *thing* alarm'd, bow'd low and said,
An't please you, sir, I'll go.

Not you, by Jove, you'r caught at last,
For all the world can see,
You're the first that plays at highty tighty,
You've MR No-body.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 113, opposite the City-Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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